



## Roger Beale

September 3, 1948 - April 5, 2019

Roger Michael Beale age 70, passed away on April 5, 2019. A Celebration of Life will be held on Saturday, April 20, 2019 at 4:00 pm at the Pavilion at the Landing Course at Reynolds Plantation at Lake Oconee. Please dress in golf shirt, or other casual attire.

Roger was a native of Barbados and had lived in Great Waters at Reynolds since 2013. He was an exchange student from Barbados and attended high school in Wisconsin.

He was part of the 1966 Cricket Championship team and was a member of Reynolds at Lake Oconee, He was an avid sportsman and outdoorsman.

Survivors include his wife of 25 years, Barbara Beale; daughter, Michelle Beale of Canada; son, Roger Beale, Jr. and wife Moreen of Barbados; step-son, Craig Beckbissinger of Orlando, FL; grandson, Keaton Beale of Canada; brothers, John Beale former Ambassador of Barbados to the United States and Peter Beale of Barbados.

# Previous Events

## Service

APR **20**. 4:00 PM (ET)

the Pavilion at the Landing Course at Reynolds Plantation at Lake Oconee  
1104 Landing Drive  
Greensboro, GA 30642

# Tribute Wall

VT

“ Many happy memories of my cousin Roger and the entire family as we grew up together in Barbados. His spunk and carefree spirit will always remain in our memories! One can never think of Roger without a big smile breaking.

*On behalf of my Mum, Jean (Ward-Toppin-Schweitzer), and myself, I extend our sincere condolences to the entire family.*

*Valerie Toppin*

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**Val Toppin** - April 13, 2019 at 03:33 PM

AP

“ An unforgettable person. We grew up together and he provided the most fun and joy. Always up to some prank 😊

*A generous, lighthearted man.*

*Wonderful childhood memories! God bless.*

*Anne Harding (Parsons)*

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**Anne Parsons** - April 13, 2019 at 09:35 AM

GD

*Roger was one of the most genuine individuals I ever met. Such a nice person.*

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**Glenn F. Drake** - April 13, 2019 at 11:18 AM

B(

*Roger Was always full of fun and we had a great time together growing up as cousins. He was a great sportsman could play any game. Will treasure those memories. May he rest in peace.*

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**Brenda Lashley (Seale)** - April 13, 2019 at 01:50 PM

AM

“ 1 file added to the album Family



Anne Marie Moore - April 13, 2019 at 09:01 AM

AM

*Roger and Barbara visiting family in Alexandria, Va. My mother was Roger's Aunt Mildred. We will always have wonderful memories.*

Anne Marie Moore - April 13, 2019 at 10:04 AM

AM

“ 1 file added to the album Family



anne marie moore - April 12, 2019 at 07:49 PM

KB

“ Our prayers and condolences go out to Roger's family and friends. What a hell of a man he was. What a great friend he was to me and my co workers. He will be forever missed. God bless you all.

*Prayers and love from The Bone Family and lake oconee muffler and brake.*



Keith Bone - April 09, 2019 at 10:28 PM

BB

“ 1 file added to the album *Roger 70th birthday*



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**Barbara Beale** - April 09, 2019 at 10:18 PM

“ You never know what a day will bring. I had no way of knowing I would spend my Friday night in an emergency room watching a medical team frantically trying to save my friend’s life while trying to give some sliver of hope to a frantic and sweet lady who was about to all of a sudden have her life changed forever and have her title change from wife to widow.

We bought our place in Great Waters at Lake Oconee in August 2015. Our very friendly next door neighbors were quick to come over to introduce themselves and welcome us to the community. Roger, from Barbados and Barbara from New York City were certainly an unusual match. And both from completely different cultures from each other and from Kathy and me. I think that is why we were attracted to them. Roger, funny as can be in his Barbados dialect, was always carrying on foolishness and keeping us laughing. Barbara, being a New Yorker, has spent most of the time trying to interpret what I am saying with my southern dialect and trying her best to keep Roger in line. Which, by the way, was impossible. As you might imagine, Roger and I hit it off in a hurry. To make a long story short, Kathy and I have spent a ton of time with the Beale’s during the last almost four years. They would come over at the last minute to eat dinner with us and we would do the same at their house next door. Since they live here full time and we are in and out, they kept an eye out on our place. Roger watched when packages were delivered and put them in the house. We have been out to eat together no telling how many times at the last minute. Never anything planned. It was just, “we’re going to get something to eat - do y’all want to go?,” sort of thing. They always said yes and were always up for wherever we were going, There have been lots of laughs and lots of conversations.

I think everyone that has visited us here has met Roger and Barbara.

Roger, an avid golfer and a good one, was very active. He walked religiously and hit over 100 golf balls a day at the practice range across the street from us. He also delivered cars from time to time for Childre Nissan in Milledgeville. He would get a call late one afternoon and be headed to Orlando or Nashville or who knows

*where at 5AM the next morning to deliver a car. He was available if they needed him. They seemed to need him quite often.*

*Roger has not been feeling well lately. About 2 months ago, he came down with what we believe was the flu. That was the first time I had ever seen him sick and moving slowly. They had been planning for months to go to Barbados to visit family and friends and for Roger to play in a golf tournament in Trinidad. With him so sick, I was wondering if they would be able to make the trip. A couple of days before their scheduled departure and about three weeks after getting the flu, Roger was feeling somewhat better and went out to hit balls. He told me he swung the club only a couple of times and realized he couldn't swing the club. He felt like something cracked in his chest. I figured he probably pulled a muscle after being sick and coughing so much.*

*In spite of all that, they left for their three week visit to Barbados. Since they had a very early flight, they stayed at an airport hotel the night before they were leaving. He started having excruciating pain in his chest and lower back. He sat in a chair all night in the hotel room because he hurt too badly to lie down. They somehow made it to Barbados the next day and spent the next three weeks there. He visited doctors there and even had a massage trying to get relief. Roger was disappointed he could not play golf but he was very happy to visit all the familiar faces in his beloved homeland. The trip back to Atlanta turned out to be worse than their trip home. Barbara had to get a wheelchair to get him through the airports. I can tell you Roger had never been in a wheelchair in his life. He didn't like it but he had no choice.*

*I visited Roger after they got back and before I*

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**Bruce Goddard** - April 09, 2019 at 08:51 PM

BB

*More: I left for a business trip earlier this week. He was still carrying on, laughing and trying to make the most out of his situation. He still could not lie in the bed. He was sitting on the sofa with pillows and a blanket. He had been to a doctor here and they had taken X-Rays to try to determine what was going on but it was obvious he was struggling. When I got back Friday afternoon (yesterday as I type this), I walked over to check on him. He was still sitting in the same place with the same pillows and blankets. After our normal non-serious and very light conversation, he said he thought he was a little better. He had gingerly walked over next door to get in the Jacuzzi a couple of days before. He said he thought it helped and he was going to try it again in a few minutes.*

*Kathy had a list of things she wanted me to pick up at the grocery store, so I left shortly afterwards to do that. While I was walking around Publix pushing my buggy, Kathy called me and told me to get back as quickly as possible because Roger had collapsed. I left my buggy in the store and took off. As I drove up, I saw the fire truck and the ambulance in front of the clubhouse. I walked up to the ambulance and saw them doing CPR on Roger. Roger and Barbara had gone together to the Jacuzzi and spent less than fifteen minutes there. They had a great conversation. The last thing Roger told his wife as they were talking in the Jacuzzi was how beautiful she looked. As they were walking back to their house which is at most a five minute walk, he collapsed.*

*I have been in the "death business" my entire life. Stories like this play out over and over. Dealing with it never gets easier. The stories are different but in many ways they are all the same. A human being is here one moment and the next moment he is gone and those that are left are trying to get their breath and wondering what in the world happened. And how to even begin to pick up the pieces.*

*I had to make a few very difficult calls last night. One was to a daughter in Canada. Another to a son in Barbados and a best friend who was like a brother. Life changing conversations.*

*"We have this moment to hold in our hands and to touch as it slips through our fingers like sand. Yesterday's gone. And tomorrow may never come. But we have this moment today." Gloria Gaither Believe it.*

*It's true.*

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**Barbara Beale** - April 09, 2019 at 11:24 PM

JC

*Thanks for sharing your heart felt thoughts, and knowing my friend Roger. he would have been teary eyed to read your words.*

*I knew that Roger lived by his faith in God and boasted about God changing his life.*

*Barbara you have my deepest and sincere sympathy. May Roger rest in peace and rise in glory through God's power to do so.*

*Jeff Chandler.*

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**Jeff Chandler** - April 10, 2019 at 09:08 AM

“ Dear Barbara.

*I just wish I could do something to help you through these most difficult days. I don't know if you saw that I had called Roger that very afternoon, followed by a text when he didn't answer. I can't explain why, after all these months, I chose that particular time to call. I just had a golf story I wanted to share with him.*

*I could not sleep after your call, trying to imagine how you are able to even breathe.*

*I found a small way out of my sadness remembering all the laughter Roger brought into my life, so I wrote one of those episodes down. I hope it doesn't hurt too much read it...*

*MY GOOD FRIEND ROGER BEALE CAME TO VISIT ME A FEW MONTHS AGO. Yesterday, out of the blue, I decided to give him a call but got no answer. Little did I know, he was having a heart attack and the EMT's were desperately trying to save him at that very moment.*

*That night, about 10pm, his wife Barbara called to tell me he died late that afternoon.*

*Heart connections work in mysterious ways.*

*Roger Beale was a one of a kind guy. Born in Barbados, son of a plantation manager, I loved getting him to tell me stories of his youth. He would count the servants and workers that informed his youth. Recounting their names, there was one who woke him, one milking the cow for morning milk, one cooking, one doing laundry. His mother would be collecting eggs, sticking a finger up a hen's ass to see if the egg was sticking. Another would be tending the garden and picking the vegetables for the day. Another tending the pigs that would produce the ham and sausage on his breakfast plate. There were so any more, I lost count.*

*He was born to be an athlete. Cricket consumed him for most of his*

*youth where he was a ferocious competitor. Later he discovered golf which became his passion. And it was through golf that we met and became friends.*

*He was a member of my club in Windermere, Florida and he was one of the few men that always asked me to join in whenever he found me practicing on the putting green. I don't think the man ever met a stranger.*

*On the course, he was always positive. A three handicap, he was religious in his routine yet at the same time conversational, joking, laughing, advising. In that great Bajun accent, he was always a delight to play with.*

*After golf, ordering an O'Doul's non-alcoholic beer, he would recount how alcohol destroyed his life until the day he asked God to take away his taste for drink. His prayer was answered and that was the end of his downward spiral.*

*Over the span of a few years, we played dozens of rounds together.*

*And then he met Barbara. Love blossomed, they married and soon after left to return to Barbados. Friends come, friends go. Years passed but a day came when I wondered how he was faring. A quick search of real estate brokers in Barbados gave me his number where I left a message that I was an investor looking for expensive island property. The call back came a few minutes later, filled with happiness that our connection was back on track.*

*From that point on, our friendship was renewed and I had the pleasure of visiting Barbados many times. Always with my golf clubs, sometimes with a boyfriend. Barbara, at first nonplussed that he invited a woman to visit, soon understood that our friendship was not what one might have imagined and she became a friend as well. Every visit included daily rounds of golf including a special match with his closest boyhood friends Richie and Dennis, a round that would pair us against them and involve a wager. Roger could hold his own against the two of them, but if I could contribute one hole, they had no chance. It was always nip and tuck to the final hole.*

*My most memorable moment was on #17 at Sandy Lane. I was short of the green, 40 feet from the hole, uphill and going away from*

*the ocean. Roger said hit it hard and I did. Destined to run past the hole and keep on going, the dang ball hit the flag at 20 miles per hour and dropped.*

**Galen Miller** - April 09, 2019 at 07:59 PM

BB

*More: Richie let out a groan. He could see victory or even a tie slipping away. Never at a loss for words, Roger exclaimed "That ball went in the hold like a freshly fucked ferret!"*

*While Roger was always up beat, ready to find the humor in things, that is not to say he was easy. The man lived a life of peaks and valleys. His temper flared daily and it was wise to leave him alone when he vented. Not a day went by without him talking about shite. Most days, there was a lot of shite, Mon!*

*It took someone with some New York toughness to put up with it. Barbara never hesitated to push back. She pushed him to keep going. The words would fly back and forth in a way that made one want to duck and cover. Yet they would soon be back on an even keel, affectionate, appreciative, and loving in a way that was to be envied. He was one of a kind. And he will be greatly missed.*

*Reply*  
*Forward*

**Barbara Beale** - April 09, 2019 at 11:30 PM

AL

“*I remember the first time I met Roger. He was a great person who I am thankful to have as a friend. Barbara Paul & I are praying for you and family. Please let us know if you need anything.*



**Aheila Leverett** - April 07, 2019 at 04:04 PM